

business, which required a voyage to Pemaquid. The recollection of father Gilbert forcibly recurred to him, when he found himself so near the shores of Mount Desart,—a place which the priest had frequented, probably for its very loneliness, or perhaps, from some peculiar associations. It was possible he might again find him there, or hear some tidings which would relieve Lucie's anxiety respecting him; and, in this hope, he one day sought its sequestered shades. The sun was declining, when he moored his little bark, and proceeded alone through the same path, which he remembered, on a former occasion, to have trodden. The open plain soon burst upon his view; and, to his surprise, the prostrate wooden cross was again erected in the midst of it. A figure knelt at its foot; Arthur approached,—the tall, attenuated form, the dark, flowing garments could not be mistaken;—it was indeed father Gilbert. Supposing him engaged in some act of devotion, Stanhope waited several moments, silent, and unwilling to disturb him. But he continued perfectly motionless;—Arthur advanced still closer;—one hand grasped the cross, the other held a small crucifix, which he always wore suspended from his neck. A glow of ~~light~~ rested on his pale features; his eyes were closed, and a triumphant smile lingered on his parted lips. Arthur started, and his blood chilled as he gazed at him; he touched his hand,—